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I Believe You

by [FantasyRaconteur](#)

Summary

Thor's gaze burns when Loki catches the glass thrown at him.

"I'm here." And I couldn't be happier, Loki finishes in his head.

Thor approaches Loki, a faint ghost of a smile playing on his lips, and locks his brother in a tight embrace, as if intending to never let go.

Notes

wonder how many more post-hug fics I'll write
the game is on, I say

enjoy=)

Thor Ragnarok limbo on my [Tumblr](#) at the moment

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Thor's gaze *burns* when Loki catches the glass thrown at him.

"I'm here." *And I couldn't be happier*, Loki finishes in his head.

Thor approaches Loki, a faint ghost of a smile playing on his lips, and locks his brother in a tight

embrace, as if intending to never let go.

“Thank you, brother,” Thor whispers, his gratitude almost tangible, an overwhelming feeling of warmth and safety. *I’ve missed this*, Loki thinks, *I’ve missed you*, yet he can’t quite bring himself to simply *say* these things. “Stay?”

Thor voices it like an uncertain suggestion, and Loki feels his resolve crumble in response. He means to say *for now* or *perhaps* or *we’ll see* but the words that escape him instead are,

“Of course, brother. I’ll stay.”

*

“Earth it is,” Thor says, a mere hour after his and Loki’s sickeningly sweet reunion, and Loki’s heart is quick to sink into a familiar pit of fear and uncertainty.

Earth? Is he serious?

Loki guesses it might be Thor’s intention to leave Loki somewhere along the way. Or, even worse, surrender Loki to Midgardian authorities for questioning as Thor and his *friends* bask in the earthlings’ adoration. Or he really is thick enough not to understand that Loki will not be well received in that realm, or, or...

For once in what seems like a great many years, Loki halts these thoughts and keeps his mind open to possibilities. *This is the new King of Asgard*, Loki reminds himself, looking at Thor, unable to keep a feeling of pride from washing over him. *He deserves the benefit of the doubt.*

Thor’s soft gaze connects with Loki’s and the latter feels completely safe again.

*

Loki asks Thor, sometime later, whether it is a good idea to return to Earth. Thor, the oaf that he is, focuses on himself, misinterpreting the question either genuinely or on purpose.

Loki sighs.

“Let me rephrase,” he grits through his teeth, “is it a good idea to return *me* to Earth?”

“No, I don’t think so, to be honest,” Thor says, his eye glinting with amusement, and Loki can’t help but let slip a small smile. “But don’t worry, brother,” Thor reassures him, crowding him against the wall. Thor’s arms circle tightly around Loki’s shoulders, his breath warm and moist against Loki’s neck. “We’ll figure something out.”

Need strikes through Loki like a bolt of lightning, and in the same second, a shadow falls over the ship. Loki turns to see the unmistakable design of Thanos’ grand spaceship looming above them—and the world is engulfed in flames.

“*Thor!*”

Loki’s eyes spring open. His skin is covered in cold sweat, his blood burning with terror, breathing shallow and raspy.

There are tears in his eyes.

He calls Thor's name over and over again.

He checks on the Tesseract hidden safely (for now) in a pocket dimension.

A dream. All a dream. Loki's thoughts do little to bring him peace. *A stupid, terrifying dream.*

Loki falls back down on the covers, cursing the universe for allowing the existence of someone as hell-bent on death as Thanos. *He won't stop until he destroys the universe*, Gamora once told Loki during a break between his torture sessions. *He wishes, this way, to court the Lady Death.*

Loki finds himself unable to stay in his room any longer. He goes out into the corridor and moves towards a window to both stare into the nothingness of space and to make sure it really is empty. *Fool*, he thinks to himself, *Heimdall would have seen him coming.* Loki closes his eyes and breathes deeply.

Everything is fine.

For now.

"Can't sleep?" Thor prompts, his approach unnoticed by Loki.

Was he losing his touch?

"Not tired," Loki answers, staring at a far-off galaxy cluster. He chances a glance at Thor and, seeing his worried expression, Loki surrenders the truth with a sigh, "Nightmare."

Thor nods in understanding, taking his place beside Loki. *Stay with me*, Loki begs, still hesitant to voice his desires. Thor seems to understand him, though, and they stand like that for a while, lost in their respective thoughts.

"Do you—" Loki starts, "Is it a good idea to return me to Earth?" He regards the cosmos in front of him, looking for any sign of their foe.

Thor chuckles.

"Anyone who tries to hurt you, brother," he answers, "will have to do so over my dead body."

Loki allows himself a grateful grin. He is a nervous wreck, scared and helpless, but not alone. Loki relaxes completely as strong arms wrap around him from behind. Loki drinks in the familiarity of Thor's closeness, his back flush against Thor's broad chest, eyes closing of their own volition.

"Thank you," Loki says. *I need you*, he thinks. *I need you always*, his mind implores.

"Me too," Thor whispers into his ear, making Loki's eyes snap wide open.

"Did I say that out loud?" he asks.

"Nope," Thor responds and Loki hears the smile in his voice. "You're just so easy to read, brother. You've become predictable," he teases.

Loki drives his elbow hard into Thor's stomach and retreats into his room, holding back laughter despite his annoyance.

It's hits them both by surprise when it happens.

The tentative truce they've formed brings them closer together than they'd been in years, and the renewed closeness carries with itself a feeling of dizzying happiness. On second thought, Loki should have expected his brother to react in the sappiest way possible when he says with a genuine smile that he considers Thor a great king.

"And I am honored to be by your side," Loki adds even as his heart flutters at the sincerity he so rarely uses in conversation with Thor. Something glimmers in Thor's eye then, an emotion Loki has trouble deciphering—and no time to do so as the next moment Thor's soft lips press against Loki's. One more kiss follows, and another, and *then*—it's as if whatever spark had incited this has become a firestorm, setting their bodies alight as Thor grinds their hips together, evoking sweet moans and *pleases* and *mores* from Loki, who all but falls apart, to Thor's obvious delight.

They end up sprawled on the bed, and their hands fumble with each other's clothing, movements clumsy, frantic, because Loki can't muster the focus for even the simple task of vanishing their garments. Thor is quicker to undress his brother, covering each inch of exposed skin with open-mouthed kisses, sucking and biting and finding the places which make Loki come undone under him, wrought with crippling desire and anticipation.

"I've wanted this..." Loki starts, yet Thor silences his brother with his lips, then by baring Loki's cock and taking it fully into his mouth, a skill he hasn't quite forgotten over the years, a skill which turns out to be quite effective at turning Loki into an utter mess.

Thor sucks his brother off torturously slowly, relishing every one of Loki's little gasps and screams, pulling off when he feels Loki getting close and chuckling at his brother's disappointed whine. He shrugs off the rest of his clothing and goes on peppering Loki's skin with tender kisses, alternating them with sharp bites here and there as he fumbles on the nightstand for a bottle of something, anything that can serve as lubrication. Thor's lips find their way back to Loki's cock as his fingers enter Loki's hole, stretching and exploring him. Driving his fingers repeatedly over Loki's prostate, Thor basks in the musicality of Loki's moans and marvels at his brother's beauty like this.

It isn't long before Thor is pushing his cock into Loki—*finally*, Loki thinks, muttering barely coherent pleas and encouragements—and *that* particular sensation, searing though it is, is absolute perfection. Loki's seiðr is quick to merge with Thor's, serving to double their pleasure. They move like forces of nature, lightning against rain, writhing against each other and gasping as shared waves of ecstasy engulf them, bringing them ever closer to the edge.

Loki comes with a sharp cry, muscles tightening, lips parted, eyes fluttering... *Beautiful*, Thor thinks as he rides out his brother's release, feeling Loki clench around him. Thor's movements quicken until he, at last, is awash with his own orgasm, the feeling so damnably exquisite that some of the lightning pulsing through his veins escapes and makes Loki shudder in his arms. "Beautiful," Thor echoes his mind before succumbing to his post-orgasm haze.

They lie still for some time, more or less unable to move, before Loki gathers the energy to poke lightly at his brother. Thor moves off Loki and lies beside him, hugging Loki's sweetly pliant body to himself. He places a soft kiss on Loki's neck, reveling in this proximity, this *completion*.

Loki is shaking in his arms, and Thor asks whether he is all right.

"Shut up, brother," Loki whispers, his tone tired but content.

They fall asleep, together, drawing comfort from each other's presence.

*

"I love you," Thor says as they watch the precious few remaining Asgardians build settlements on the land where Odin took his last breath. The sorcerers build with strings of seiðr, while magic-less folk work with their bare hands, and everyone seemed to be full of determination to recreate what each Asgardian had lost.

Their home.

Loki stares intently at a tower which is almost complete, in need of a finishing touch. His green seiðr swirls through the air, reinforcing the construction and imbuing it with all the necessary protective spells. The people standing nearby nod in grateful acknowledgment.

I love you too, Loki thinks, half-turning to his brother, and says,

"I wonder whether father would have been pleased with such a development."

*

"It will never be the same," Loki says to his brother once. "We will never bring Asgard back, not truly."

They're in Loki's quarters this time, in a lavish little palace built as a pale imitation of the former Asgardian castle. Thor strokes Loki's hair, pondering his words.

"No, we won't," he agrees. "We will create something better."

Loki scoffs. *Hopeless optimist*.

"Even worse."

"What do you mean?"

"It will be more painful..." Loki turns his face away from Thor's gaze to look out the window, ever in search of the impending doom of all things living. The lover of death. "It will hurt more when he destroys it."

Loki had shared, of course. At last opening up, he told Thor of what had happened after he fell from the Bifrost, spoke of his fall through the painfully vivid void, of his crash landing on Thanos' territory, a place awash with chaos and at the same time terribly empty. He spoke of the torture—how he was never hurt physically, but had to suffer through excruciating pain in his dreams and wake up but for a handful of minutes before an even more forceful bout of pain would hit him anew. The memories drown him in a pool of nostalgia and Thor has to repeat himself to be heard.

"What makes you think we'll lose?"

"Realism."

Thor frowns, giving his brother a strange look, then, after a few quiet moments, enveloping Loki in his arms. The latter relaxes a bit and listens to the beating of Thor's heart, to his breathing, also managing to catch the faint thrum of lightning on the surface of Thor's skin.

“As long as we stay together, brother,” Thor says, “we will be victorious.”

Loki laughs. It’s a surprise. He laughs and he can’t stop, he turns back around so he can hug Thor back and goes on giggling as he presses feather-light kisses to Thor’s neck, chin, lips and forehead.

“What’s so funny?”

“That I believe you,” Loki says, still unable to quite get used to this feeling of absolute trust.

As long as we stay together, we will be victorious.

For once, Loki chooses to believe such nonsense, to trust in a miniscule hope, to have faith in mere words.

Yet it isn’t nonsense because *Thor* says it, the hope isn’t quite miniscule because it’s *Thor* who provides it, and Loki’s renewed faith in his brother—*his* Thor—is strong enough to move mountains.

“I believe you,” Loki whispers, “I’m here and I couldn’t be happier. I’ve missed you. Stay with me. I need you.” His heart skips a beat. “I love you,” he finally says.

Tears stubbornly fall from his eyes and Loki really couldn’t care less.

He is happy—and so is Thor. For now, nothing else matters.

End Notes

so this is a little unusual because... love scene... and I'm still learning to write those... hope this one turned out okay

anyway, thank you for reading and any comments are always appreciated

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